

**JUVENAL**

***SATIRES***

## SATIRE 10

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque  
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dinoscere possunt  
uera bona atque illis multum diuersa, remota  
erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus  
aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te  
conatus non paeniteat uotique peracti? 5  
euertere domos totas optantibus ipsis  
di faciles. nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur  
militia; torrens dicendi copia multis  
et sua mortifera est facundia; uiribus ille 10  
confisus periit admirandisque lacertis;  
sed pluris nimia congesta pecunia cura  
strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census  
quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.  
temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis 15  
Longinum et magnos Senecae praediuitis hortos  
claudit et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes  
tota cohors: rarus uenit in cenacula miles.  
pauca licet portes argenti uascula puri  
nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis 20  
et mota ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbra:  
cantabit uacuuus coram latrone uiator.  
prima fere uota et cunctis notissima templis  
diuitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto  
nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur 25  
fictilibus; tunc illa time cum pocula sumes  
gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.  
iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter  
ridebat, quotiens a limine mouerat unum  
protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor? 30  
sed facilis cuiuis rigidi censura cachinni:  
mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.

<sup>17</sup> claudit *Guyet*, *Nisbet*: clausit *MSS*

<sup>30</sup> auctor *PAGU*: alter  $\varnothing$

## SATIRE 10

In all the lands which stretch from Cadiz right up to the East and the Ganges, few people can set aside the cloud of error and distinguish truly good things from those that are very different. For what do we fear or desire with good reason? What is there which you begin so auspiciously that you (5) do not regret the effort and the prayer once it has been accomplished? The easy gods overturn whole households to please the wishes of their owners. Pernicious things are sought in peacetime, pernicious things are sought in war; to many people their own supply of speech in full spate, and their own eloquence, are fatal; (10) while that man who relied on his strength and his admirable arms perished. Money, heaped up with excessive anxiety suffocates more people, a fortune which overpowers all other bank-balances as greatly as the British whale is bigger than dolphins. In those dread times therefore, on the orders of Nero (15), a whole cohort locks up Longinus and the great gardens of the millionaire Seneca and besieges the excellent house of the Laterani; the soldier does not often enter a garret. You might only be carrying a few vessels of pure silver when you start out on a journey by night, you will still fear the sword and the cudgel (20) and you will tremble at the movement of a reed's shadow in the moonlight – but the empty-handed traveller will sing in the presence of the robber.

The first prayer, the best known in all the temples, is for money, that wealth might grow, that the moneybox might be the biggest in the whole forum. But no poison is drunk (25) from clay pots. Fear poison – but only when you pick up cups inlaid with jewels and when Setian wine glows in an expanse of gold. So are you now praising that which one of the two wise men used to laugh at, whenever he moved and took a step from his threshold, while the writer who took the opposing view used to weep over it? (30) The judgement of a stiff laugh is easy for anyone: the wonder is where that moisture came from that welled up in his eyes. Democritus used to

perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat  
 Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis  
 praetextae, trabeae, fasces, lectica, tribunal. 35  
 quid si uidisset praetorem curribus altis  
 extantem et medii sublimem puluere circi  
 in tunica Iouis et pictae Sarrana ferentem  
 ex umeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae  
 tantum orbem, quanto ceruix non sufficit ulla? 40  
 quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi Celsus  
 ne placeat, curru seruus portatur eodem.  
 da nunc et uolucrum, sceptro quae surgit eburno,  
 illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi  
 agminis officia et niueos ad frena Quirites, 45  
 defossa in loculos quos sportula fecit amicos.  
 tum quoque materiam risus inuenit ad omnis  
 occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat  
 summos posse uiros et magna exempla daturos  
 ueruecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci. 50  
 ridebat curas nec non et gaudia uolgi,  
 interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci  
 mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.  
 ergo superuacua aut quae perniciose petuntur?  
 propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum? 55  
 quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae  
 inuidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum  
 pagina. descendunt statuae restemque secuntur,  
 ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis  
 caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis. 60  
 iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis  
 ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens  
 Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda  
 fiunt urceoli, pelues, sartago, matellae.  
 pone domi laurus, duc in Capitolia magnum 65  
 cretatumque bouem: Seianus ducitur unco  
 spectandus, gaudent omnes. ‘quae labra, quis illi

<sup>41</sup> Celsus *Nisbet*: consul *MSS*: praeses *Courtney*  
<sup>54–55</sup> *delevit Knoche*

shake his ribs with constant laughter although cities then did not have togas with purple hems, togas with purple stripes, rods of power, sedan-chairs, a speaker's platform. (35) What if he had seen the praetor standing aloft on his high chariot, raised up amid the dust in the middle of the circus, dressed in the tunic of Jupiter and carrying the Tyrian curtains of an embroidered toga hanging from his shoulders, and so huge a circle of a massive crown that no neck is up to carrying it? (40) It is a sweating state servant who holds it up, and – to prevent Lofty being pleased with himself – a slave is carried in the same chariot. Now add the bird which is taking off from the ivory sceptre, the horn-players there, here the dutiful long line walking ahead of him, citizens dressed in snowy white at the reins (45) now made friends by the handouts sunk deep in their wallets.

Then too Democritus found material for laughter at every encounter with human beings. His intelligence proves that men of the top quality, men who are going to provide role-models of greatness, can be born in a country of sheep and in a heavy climate (50). He used to laugh furthermore at the anxieties and also at the joys of the mob, and sometimes at their tears, when he personally used to recommend the hangman's noose to threatening Fortune and he would show her the middle finger. What therefore are the pointless and what are the pernicious things which are sought? For what things is it right to cover the gods' knees with wax? (55)

Power, when exposed to mighty resentment, overturns some men, a long and glorious list of honours drowns them. Down come the statues following the rope, the stroke of the axe hacks at the very wheels of their chariots and the legs of their innocent horses are broken. (60) Now the fires are hissing, now with bellows and chimneys going the head adored by the people glows; huge Sejanus crackles, and then out of that face – second in all the world – are made basins, washpots, a frying pan, chamber pots. Put up laurel in your home, lead the great (65) chalk-whited ox to the Capitol: Sejanus is being led by a hook as a public spectacle, and everyone is happy. 'What lips, what

uultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amaui  
 hunc hominem. sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam  
 delator quibus indicibus, quo teste probauit? 70  
 ‘nil horum; uerbosa et grandis epistula uenit  
 a Capreis.’ ‘bene habet, nil plus interrogo.’ sed quid  
 turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit  
 damnatos. idem populus, si Nortia Tusco  
 fauisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus 75  
 principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora  
 Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli  
 uendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim  
 imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se  
 continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80  
 panem et circenses. ‘perituros audio multos.’  
 ‘nil dubium, magna est fornacula.’ ‘pallidulus mi  
 Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obuius aram;  
 quam timeo, uictus ne poenas exigit Aiax  
 ut male defensus. curramus praecipites et, 85  
 dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.  
 sed uideant serui, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius  
 ceruice obstricta dominum trahat.’ hi sermones  
 tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura uolgi.  
 uisne salutari sicut Seianus, habere 90  
 tantundem atque illi summas donare curules,  
 illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi  
 principis angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis  
 cum grege Chaldaeis? uis certe pila, cohortis,  
 egregios equites et castra domestica; quidni 95  
 haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam  
 posse uolunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,  
 ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?  
 huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mauis  
 an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas 100  
 et de mensura ius dicere, uasa minora  
 frangere pannosus uacuis aedilis Vlubris?  
 ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris  
 Seianum? nam qui nimios optabat honores  
 et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat 105

a face he had! If you believe me, I never liked this man. But what was the charge that caused his fall? Who on earth – which informer proved his case with what evidence from what witness?’ (70)

‘None of these; a wordy long letter came from Capri.’ ‘That’s fine; I ask no more questions.’ But what about Remus’ mob? It follows fortune, as always, and hates condemned men. That same crowd – if Fate had favoured her Etruscan, if the emperor’s old age had been smothered off-guard (75) – would be calling Sejanus ‘Augustus’ at that very hour. It is a long time now since any of us sold our votes to anyone, and the mob has thrown away their concerns. At one time the crowd used to hand out military power, the rods of office, legions, everything – now it holds itself back and just longs anxiously for two things only: (80) bread and the games. ‘I hear that many men are going to perish.’ ‘Yes, no doubt, the furnace is huge.’ ‘My friend Bruttidius was ashen-pale when he met me at the altar of Mars. I do fear that ‘conquered Ajax’ will exact the penalty for being badly defended. Let’s run fast and (85) trample on Caesar’s enemy while he is lying on the bank. But let the slaves see us, so that none of them can deny it and drag a frightened master to the lawcourt with his neck in a noose.’ This is the sort of conversations had at that time about Sejanus, these were the secret mutterings of the mob. Do you want to be greeted like Sejanus? To have (90) as much as him, the power to grant top chairs of office to one man, to put another man in charge of armies, to be treated as the guardian of an emperor sitting on his narrow rock at Capri with his Chaldaean flock? You certainly want his spears, cohorts, excellent cavalry and an army-camp in your own home. Why on earth (95) would you not want this? Even those who do not want to kill anyone still want to be able to do it. But what fame and wealth is worth so much that the suffering measures up to the joys they bring? Do you prefer to take on the purple-striped toga of this man who is being dragged along or to be ‘the power’ of Fidenae or Gabii, (100) to lay down the law about weights and measures, and smash pots, for being too small, as a ragged Aedile in deserted Ulubrae? So do you admit that Sejanus did not know what he should wish for? He longed for excessive honours and demanded excessive wealth, but was putting up the many (105) storeys of a

excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset  
 casus et impulsae praeceps inmane ruinae.  
 quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit et illum,  
 ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?  
 summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus 110  
 magnaue numinibus uota exaudita malignis.  
 ad generum Cereris sine caede ac sanguine pauci  
 descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.  
 eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis 115  
 incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat  
 quisquis adhuc uno parcam colit asse Mineruam,  
 quem sequitur custos angustae uernula capsae.  
 eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque  
 largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.  
 ingenio manus est et ceruix caesa, nec umquam 120  
 sanguine cauidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.  
 ‘o fortunatam natam me consule Romam.’  
 Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic  
 omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo  
 quam te, conspicuae diuina Philippica famae, 125  
 uolueris a prima quae proxima. saeuus et illum  
 exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae  
 torquentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.  
 dis ille aduersis genitus fatoque sinistro,  
 quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus 130  
 a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti  
 incude et luteo Volcano ad rhetora misit.  
 bellorum exuuiae, truncis adfixa tropaeis  
 lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens  
 et curtum temone iugum uictaeque triremis 135  
 aplustre et summo tristis captiuus in arcu  
 humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se  
 Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator  
 erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris

<sup>112</sup> sanguine *GU*: uulnere *PΦ*

<sup>128</sup> torquentem *Markland*: torrentem *MSS*

<sup>136</sup> summo ... arcu *MSS*: summa ... arce *Braund*



high tower, from where his fall would be higher and massive would be the headlong collapse of the demolished ruin. What was it that overthrew men like Crassus, Pompey and that man who brought the tamed citizens of Rome to be flogged at his hands? Simply the top place, sought out with every skill available, (110) and grandiose prayers granted by malevolent powers. Few kings go down to Ceres' son-in-law without slaughter and bloodshed, few tyrants die a bloodless death.

The rhetorical skill and reputation of Demosthenes and Cicero – that is what a boy starts to wish for and continues to wish for all through the spring holidays, (115) each boy who so far still honours parsimonious Minerva with a single coin and whom the house slave follows to guard the slender satchel.

But it was due to rhetoric that each of the two orators died, the swelling overflowing spring of their talent handed each of them over to death. Because of talent the hands and neck were chopped off; the speaker's platform never (120) ran with the blood of a barrister who was feeble. 'Oh fortunate Rome, born in my consulship!' – he could have despised Antony's swords if he had said everything like this. I prefer the laughable poetry more than you, divine *Philippic* of well-known reputation, (125) which is unfurled second after the first speech. A savage end snatched away the other one too, whom Athens admired as he flexed and steered the reins of the crowded theatre. He was born with the gods hostile and destiny set against him; his father – bleary-eyed from the soot of the blazing metal (130) – sent him away from the coal, the tongs, the anvil which made swords and red-faced Vulcan, to a professor of rhetoric.

The spoils of warfare, the breastplate stuck to mutilated trophies, the cheekpiece hanging from a broken helmet, the chariot-yoke missing its pole, the poop of a conquered trireme, (135) a wretched prisoner on the top of a triumphal arch – these are believed to be greater than merely human goods. To this end Roman, Greek and foreign commanders have stirred themselves; they have drawn their reasons for their conflict and hard work

inde habuit: tanto maior famae sitis est quam 140  
 uirtutis. quis enim uirtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
 praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim  
 gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido  
 haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae  
 discutienda ualent sterilis mala robora fici, 145  
 quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.  
 expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo  
 inuenies? hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro  
 percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti  
 rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque elephantos. 150  
 additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum  
 transilit. opposuit natura Alpemque niuemque:  
 diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.  
 iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.  
 ‘acti’ inquit ‘nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas 155  
 frangimus et media uexillum pono Subura.’  
 o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,  
 cum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum!  
 exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! uincitur idem  
 nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus 160  
 mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,  
 donec Bithyno libeat uigilare tyranno.  
 finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,  
 non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille  
 Cannarum uindex et tanti sanguinis ultor 165  
 anulus. “i, demens, et saeuas curre per Alpes  
 ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.”  
 unus Pellaeo iuueni non sufficit orbis,  
 aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi  
 ut Gyrae clausus scopulis paruaque Seripho; 170  
 cum tamen a figulis munitam intrauerit urbem,  
 sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur  
 quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim  
 uelificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax  
 audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem 175

<sup>150</sup> *uersum damnavit Nisbet. aliosque Φ: altosque PA*

<sup>160</sup> *uersum delevit Nisbet*

from this source. That is how much greater the thirst for status is than (140) that for goodness. For who embraces Goodness herself if you take away the rewards? Yet on occasions what has sunk the fatherland is the ambition of a few men and the lust for praise and a title to stick to the stones which guard their ashes, stones which the evil strength of the barren fig-tree has the power to break up (145) since even tombstones themselves have their fates determined. Weigh Hannibal; how many pounds will you find in this consummate general? This is the man whom Africa cannot contain – Africa beaten by the Moroccan ocean and stretching right up to the warm Nile and down again to the peoples of Ethiopia and their different elephants. (150) Spain is added to his domains and he leaps over the Pyrenees. Nature then blocked his way with Alp and snow; he splits the rocks and breaks up the mountain with vinegar. By now he has Italy in his grasp and still he seeks to advance yet further. ‘What I have done is nothing’ he said ‘unless with Punic troops we shatter the gates (155) and I plant my banner in the middle of the Subura.’ What a sight, and what a picture it would deserve – when the Gaetulian beast carried the one-eyed general! What is the outcome then? What glory! This same man is conquered; of course he is. He runs headlong into exile and there, for all his greatness (160) he sits as a surprising dependant at the king’s headquarters waiting for the Bithynian monarch to be pleased to wake up. The ending for that spirit which once upset the human race will not be given by swords, nor rocks nor weapons. The revenger of Cannae, the avenger of so much bloodshed, (165) was a ring. ‘Go, you madman, run through the ferocious Alps to make boys happy and be turned into a speech.’ One world is not sufficient for the young man of Pella. He seethes in misfortune at the restricted limits of the world as if he were locked on the rocks of Gyara or little Seriphus; (170) but when he has entered the city fortified by potters he will be satisfied with his coffin. Death alone admits how small are the tiny bodies of human beings. It is believed that at some time Athos put to sea – this and whatever else lying Greece dares to put in history, the sea paved with the same fleets (175) and put underneath wheels

suppositumque rotis solidum mare; credimus altos  
 defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo  
 prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.  
 ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictā,  
 in Corum atque Eurum solitus saeuire flagellis 180  
 barbarus, Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,  
 ipsum conpedibus qui uinxerat Ennosigaeum  
 (mitius id sane. quid? non et stigmatē dignum  
 credidit? huic quisquam uellet seruire deorum?) –  
 sed qualis rediit? nempe una naue, cruentis 185  
 fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadauera prora.  
 has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas.  
 ‘da spatium uitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos.’  
 hoc recto uoltu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.  
 sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus 190  
 plena malis! deformem et taetrum ante omnia uultum  
 dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem  
 pendentisque genas et talis aspice rugas  
 quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,  
 in uetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca. 195  
 plurima sunt iuuenum discrimina, pulchrior ille  
 hoc atque ore alio, multum hic robustior illo:  
 una senum facies, cum uoce trementia membra  
 et iam leue caput madidique infantia nasi;  
 frangendus misero gingiua panis inermi. 200  
 usque adeo grauis uxori natisque sibique,  
 ut captatori moueat fastidia Cosso.  
 non eadem uini atque cibi torpente palato  
 gaudia; nam coitus iam longa obliuio, uel si  
 coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice neruus 205  
 et, quamuis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.  
 anne aliud sperare potest haec inguinis aegri  
 canities? quid quod merito suspecta libido est

183 quid? *Weber*: quod *MSS*.

189 *deleuerunt Guyet, Markland*

197 ore *inseruit Housman*

207 aliud *Hendry*: aliquid *MSS*

as if it were solid. We believe that deep rivers ran dry and streams were drunk dry by the Persian at lunch along with what Sostratus, with his wet armpits, sings. But in what state did he come home after leaving behind Salamis? The barbarian used to rage with his whips against Corus and Eurys (180) – winds which had never suffered this treatment in Aeolus' prison – and he had bound up the Earth-shaker himself with fetters (too mild, that. How so? Did he not think the god deserved branding too? Would any of the gods be willing to be a slave to this man?) – but in what state did he come home? Why, with one ship, bloodstained (185) waves and the prow slowly pushing through the packed corpses. So often does the glory longed for exact punishments like this.

'Give us a long life, give us many years, Jupiter!' This, only this, is what you wish for both when you are healthy and when you are sickly. But think how lengthy old age (190) is full of unbroken sufferings and how great they are! Look first and foremost at the face, mis-shapen and foul, not resembling itself, mis-shapen hide in place of skin, sagging cheeks – and look at the sort of wrinkles that a mother ape carves on her now-ancient cheeks where Thabraca spreads out its shady groves. (195) There are many ways to tell young people apart from one another; that one is more handsome than this, and differently featured, this man is stronger than that one; old men all have one appearance, limbs trembling along with the voice, a head by now smooth and a baby's wet nose; the poor wretch has to break his bread up with toothless gums. (200) He is so repellent to his wife, children and himself that he would arouse the disdain of even Cossus the legacy-hunter. Now that his palate is numb, he no longer has the same joy in wine or food. Sex is long forgotten, or if you try, his tiny organ lies there with its bulging vein (205) and even though it is massaged all night long it will go on lying limp. Or is there something else which the white hair of infirm groin can hope for? What of the fact that the lust is rightly suspect which goes for

quae uenerem adfectat sine uiribus? aspice partis  
 nunc damnum alterius. nam quae cantante uoluptas, 210  
 sit licet eximius, citharoedo siue Seleuco  
 et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?  
 quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri  
 qui uix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum  
 concentus? clamore opus est ut sentiat auris 215  
 quem dicat uenisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.  
 praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis  
 febre calet sola, circumsilit agmine facto  
 morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,  
 promptius expediam quot amauerit Oppia moechos, 220  
 quot Themison aegros autumnno occiderit uno,  
 quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus  
 pupillos, quot larga uiros exsorbeat uno  
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;  
 percurram citius quot uillas possideat nunc 225  
 quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat.  
 ille umero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos  
 perdidit ille oculos et luscis inuidet; huius  
 pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis,  
 ipse ad conspectum cenae diducere rictum 230  
 suetus hiat tantum ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem  
 ore uolat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni  
 membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec  
 nomina seruorum nec uultum agnoscit amici  
 cum quo praeterita cenauit nocte, nec illos 235  
 quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saeuo  
 heredes uetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur  
 ad Phialen; tantum artificis ualet halitus oris,  
 quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.  
 ut uigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt 240  
 funera natorum, rogos aspiciendus amatae  
 coniugis et fratris plenaque sororibus urnae.  
 haec data poena diu uiuentibus, ut renouata  
 semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque

sex without the power to do it? Look now at the loss of another faculty. For what pleasure is there in the singing of a musician (210) – no matter how excellent he is – even if it is Seleucus the lyre-player or those who like to shine in their golden cloaks?

What does it matter, in which part of the huge theatre he sits when he will barely hear the horn-players and the orchestra of trumpets? The slave-boy has to shout to make his ear aware (215) who he says has called or what time he is calling out. Furthermore, in his now ice-cold body there is but little blood which only gets warm in a fever. Every sort of disease leaps through him in a column, and if you asked their names I would more quickly state how many adulterers Oppia has loved, (220) how many sick men Themison has killed in a single autumn how many partners Basilus has cheated, how many wards Hirrus has swindled, how many men generous Maura drains in a single day, how many pupils Hamillus bends over; I would more quickly run through the number of villas owned now (225) by the man whose shaving made my thick beard rasp when I was young. That man is weak in the shoulders, this one in the groin, this one in the hip. That one has lost both eyes and envies the one-eyed men. The pale lips of this one receive their food from other men's fingers – he used to open wide his jaws at the sight of dinner, (230) but now he gapes just like a swallow's chick when the hungry mother flies to him with a full mouth. But greater than all the loss of limbs is the dementia which does not recognise the names of slaves nor the face of a friend with whom he dined last night, nor those (235) he sired and brought up. For in a cruel testament he forbids his children from inheriting and all his goods are carried off to Phiale. That's how powerful is the breath of her crafty mouth which had been up for sale for many years in the brothel's cell. Even though his mind's senses are still strong, he will have to conduct (240) the funerals of his sons and look on the pyre of his beloved wife and brother and urns filled with his sisters. This is the punishment which is given to those who live a long life – that they grow old, with disaster in the house constantly renewed, in a multitude of griefs,

perpetuo maerore et nigra ueste senescant. 245  
 rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,  
 exemplum uitae fuit a cornice secundae.  
 felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem  
 distulit atque suos iam dextra computat annos,  
 quique nouum totiens mustum bibit. oro parumper 250  
 attendas quantum de legibus ipse queratur  
 fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum uidet acris  
 Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni  
 quisquis adest socio cur haec in tempora duret,  
 quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aeuo. 255  
 haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,  
 atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.  
 incolumi Troia Priamus uenisset ad umbras  
 Assaraci magnis sollemnibus, Hectore funus  
 portante ac reliquis fratrum ceruicibus inter 260  
 Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus  
 Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,  
 si foret extinctus diuerso tempore, quo non  
 coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.  
 longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia uidit 265  
 euersa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.  
 tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara  
 et ruit ante aram summi Iouis ut uetulus bos,  
 qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum  
 praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro. 270  
 exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torva canino  
 latrauit rictu quae post hunc uixerat uxor.  
 festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti  
 et Croesum, quem uox iusti facunda Solonis  
 respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima uitae. 275

245 maerore MSS: paedore Wakefield

250 delendum censet Willis

253 cum PTG: nam  $\Phi$

258 umbras MSS: umbram Markland

263 non P: iam  $\Phi$

269 tenue MSS: caput L.



in perpetual mourning and black clothing. (245) The king of Pylos – if you have any trust in great Homer – was an example of a life which was second only to the crow. He was happy, you would think, as one who put off death through so many generations, who counted his years in hundreds, drinking the new wine so many times. I ask you (250) to listen for a moment to how much he himself complains about the laws of the fates and his overlong thread of life, when he sees fierce Antilochus's blazing beard and when he asks every companion who is present why he endures up to these times, what crime he has committed which deserves so long a life. (255)

These same things were said by Peleus when he was mourning for the Achilles taken from him, and also that other man who had the right to mourn the Ithacan afloat at sea. If Troy had stayed intact, Priam would have come to the shades of Assaracus with great ceremony, Hector and the other brothers carrying his corpse on their shoulders, amongst (260) the tears of the Trojan women, with Cassandra starting to utter the first lamentations and Polyxena with her cloak torn – if he had died at a different time, when Paris had not yet begun to build his daring ships. What did his long life bring him, then? He saw everything (265) overturned and Asia falling to fire and sword. Then he, a shaking soldier, put down his crown and picked up his weapons and crashed down in front of the altar of highest Jupiter like an old ox which offers its skinny pathetic neck to the knives of its master now that it has been rejected by the thankless plough. (270) At least his death was that of a human being; but his grim wife who had lived on after him barked with a canine grin. I hurry now to our own men and pass over the king of Pontus and Croesus, whom the eloquent voice of righteous Solon instructed to look to the final period of a long life. (275)

exilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes  
 et mendicatus uicta Carthagine panis  
 hinc causas habuere; quid illo ciue tulisset  
 natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,  
 si circumducto captiuorum agmine et omni 280  
 bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,  
 cum de Teutonico uellet descendere curru?  
 prouida Pompeio dederat Campania febres  
 optandas, sed multae urbes et publica uota  
 uicerunt; igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis 285  
 seruatum uicto caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu  
 Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus  
 integer et iacuit Catilina cadauere toto.  
 formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis  
 murmure, cum Veneris fanum uidet, anxia mater 290  
 usque ad delicias uotorum. ‘cur tamen’ inquit  
 ‘corripias? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana.’  
 sed uetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem  
 ipsa habuit; cuperes Rutilae, Verginia, gibbum  
 accipere osque tuum Rutilae dare. filius autem 295  
 corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes  
 semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formae  
 atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores  
 tradiderit domus ac ueteres imitata Sabinos,  
 praeterea castum ingenium uoltumque modesto 300  
 sanguine feruentem tribuat natura benigna  
 larga manu (quid enim puero conferre potest plus  
 custode et cura natura potentior omni?),  
 non licet esse uiro; nam prodiga corruptoris  
 improbitas ipsos audet temptare parentes: 305  
 tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum  
 deformem saeua castrauit in arce tyrannus,  
 nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec  
 strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.  
 i nunc et iuuenis specie laetare tui, quem 310

<sup>294</sup> cuperes *Housman*: cuperet *MSS*

<sup>295</sup> osque tuum *Housman*: osque suum *Weidner*: atque suum *MSS*

Exile, prison, the Minturnine marshes, bread begged in conquered Carthage – these had their origins here. What could nature have produced, what could Rome ever have that was more blessed than that citizen, if, when the column of his captives had been led round, and with the whole (280) procession of wars, he had breathed out his rich soul when he was just going to get down from the Teutonic chariot? Farsighted Campania had given Pompey the fevers he should have prayed for, but the many cities and their public votive offerings won the day. And so Fortune preserved his own and the city's (285) head – only to remove it once he had been defeated. This sort of torture, this sort of punishment, Lentulus was spared; Cethegus fell intact and Catiline lay dead with his body whole.

The fearful mother prays for beauty for her sons in moderate tones, more loudly for her girls, when she sees the shrine of Venus, (290) with her prayers going to the most fanciful lengths. 'But why' she says 'do you criticise? Latona is pleased with the beauty of Diana.' Lucretia forbids us to pray for beauty such as she had; Virginia, you would long to get Rutila's hump and to give your face to Rutila. A son (295) with an excellent body always has parents who are unhappy and anxious; so uncommon is the union of good looks and chastity. Even though his unsophisticated house handed on to him the ways of piety and imitates the Sabines of old, and generous Nature endows him kindly with a pure soul and face (300) which burns with the blush of modesty (for what more can Nature bestow on a boy, she who is more powerful than any guard or any amount of carefulness?) he is not allowed to play the man's role. This is because the profligate wickedness of the seducer dares to tempt even the parents. (305) That is how much confidence there is in presents. No tyrant in his cruel citadel has ever castrated a mis-shapen youth. Nero did not rape any youngster with bandy legs or scrofula or swollen belly and hump. Go on, rejoice in the looks of your young man. (310) Greater dangers await him. He will turn

maiora expectant discrimina. fiet adulter  
 publicus et poenas metuet quascumque mariti  
 lex irae debet, nec erit felicius astro  
 Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem  
 interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori 315  
 concessit: necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis  
 uerberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.  
 sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter  
 matronae. mox cum dederit Seruilia nummos  
 fiet et illius quam non amat, exuet omnem 320  
 corporis ornatum; quid enim ulla negauerit udis  
 inguinibus? siue est haec Oppia siue Catulla?  
 deterior totos habet illic femina mores.  
 ‘sed casto quid forma nocet?’ quid profuit immo  
 Hippolyto graue propositum, quid Bellerophonti? 325  
 [erubuit nempe haec ceu fastidita repulsa]  
 nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa excanduit, et se  
 concussere ambae. mulier saeuissima tunc est  
 cum stimulos odio pudor admouet. elige quidnam  
 suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor 330  
 destinat. optimus hic et formosissimus idem  
 gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus  
 Messalinae oculis; dudum sedet illa parato  
 flammeolo Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis  
 sternitur et ritu decies centena dabuntur 335  
 antiquo, ueniet cum signatoribus auspex.  
 haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas?  
 non nisi legitime uolt nubere. quid placeat dic.  
 ni parere uelis, pereundum erit ante lucernas;  
 si scelus admittas, dabitur mora paruula, dum res 340  
 nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.  
 dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. interea tu

313 lex irae debet *Housman*: irati debent *F*: mariti irae debebit *Courtney*

323 *deleuerunt Markland, Heinrich*

326 *deleuit Knoche*: hac *Haupt*.

337 *deleuit Markland*

342 *deleuit Nisbet*

into a publicly known adulterer and will have to fear whatever penalties the law owes to the anger of the husband, nor will his star be any more fortunate than that of Mars for avoiding falling into the net. Yet sometimes that pain demands more than any law grants to pain. (315) This man slays with a sword, that man cuts with bloody strokes, and the mullet even penetrates some adulterers. But your Endymion will become the paramour of a beloved respectable lady. Next, when Servilia has given him her cash, he will become the property of a woman he does not love and strip her of all (320) her bodily adornment. For what would any woman deny to her wet groin, whether she is Oppia or Catulla? The worse kind of woman keeps all her morals down there. 'But if he is chaste, what harm will good looks do him?' What good did their weighty resolve in fact do for Hippolytus, or Bellerophon? (325)

[This one blushed like a woman scorned in rejection,] and Sthenoboea did not blaze any less than the Cretan woman, and they both found themselves smitten. That is when a woman is at her most savage when shame applies the goad to her hatred. Pick out exactly what counsel you think should be given to a man whom Caesar's wife (330) is set on marrying. This finest and most attractive scion of a patrician family is being snatched away, poor man, to be snuffed out by Messalina's eyes. She sits there for a time with the bridal veil prepared and the Tyrian couch all laid out in public in the gardens and the million will be handed over (335) in the ancient manner, when the augur will come to the witnesses. Did you think that this was secret and entrusted to but a few men? She wants to get married legally or not at all. Say what you decide. If you are not willing to go along with it, you will have to perish before twilight; if you commit the crime a short little delay will be granted you until the affair (340) which is known to the city and the people touches the emperor's ear. He will be the last to know of the disgrace in his house.

obsequere imperio, si tanti uita dierum  
 paucorum. quidquid leuius meliusque putaris,  
 praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida ceruix. 345  
 nil ergo optabunt homines? si consilium uis,  
 permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid  
 conueniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris;  
 nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.  
 carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum 350  
 impulsu caeco uanaque cupidine ducti  
 coniugium petimus partumque uxoris, at illis  
 notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.  
 ut tamen et poscas aliquid uoueasque sacellis  
 exta et candiduli diuina tomacula porci, 355  
 orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.  
 fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,  
 qui spatium uitae extremum inter munera ponat  
 naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,  
 nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores 360  
 Herculis aerumnas credat saeuosque labores  
 et uenere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.  
 monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe  
 tranquillae per uirtutem patet unica uitae.  
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te, 365  
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

<sup>351</sup> caeco *Leo*: caeca *MSS*. vanaque *Housman*: magnaue *MSS*

<sup>355</sup> tomacula *FZ*: tumacula *P*: thymatula *GU*

<sup>356</sup> *suspiciatus est Reeve*.

<sup>359</sup> labores *PSΦ*: dolores *GU*

<sup>365-66</sup> *suspecti*

Meanwhile – obey her command if living a few days more matters so much to you. Whichever you reckon is easier and better for you, this handsome white neck of yours will have to be offered to the sword. (345)

Shall people not pray for anything therefore? If you want advice, you will allow the gods themselves to weigh up what is fitting for us and what is useful for our lives.

For the gods will give us everything that is most fitting instead of what is pleasant. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself. We, (350) led along by the blind urging of our hearts and by fatuous desire, seek marriage and offspring from a wife, but it is known to the gods who our boys will be and what sort of wife she will turn out to be. To give you something however to demand, and a reason to dedicate the entrails and the sacred little sausages of a white piglet at little shrines, (355) you should pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body. Ask for a brave heart which has no fear of death, which places length of life as the last of Nature's gifts, which is able to put up with any troubles whatsoever, does not know how to get angry, desires nothing (360) and thinks the labours and cruel pains of Hercules are preferable to the sex and the banquets and the feathers of Sardanapallus. I show you what you could give to yourself. Certainly the one and only path to a peaceful life stretches out to you through goodness. You have no power, Fortune, provided there is forethought: we, (365) we are the ones who make you, Fortune, a goddess and put you in the heavens.

## SATIRE 11

Atticus eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,  
si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno  
excipitur uolgi quam pauper Apicius? omnis  
conuictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum  
de Rutilo. nam dum ualida ac iuuenalia membra  
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent sanguine, fertur  
non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno  
scripturus leges et regia uerba lanistae.  
multos porro uides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum  
creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,  
et quibus in solo uiuendi causa palato est.  
egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum  
et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.  
interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt  
numquam animo pretiis obstantibus; interius si  
attendas, magis illa iuuant quae pluris ementur.  
ergo haut difficile est perituram arcessere summam  
lancibus oppositis uel matris imagine fracta,  
et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum  
fictile; sic ueniunt ad miscellanea ludi.  
refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam  
luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen  
sumptus et a censu famam trahit. illum ego iure  
despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas  
omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem  
ignorat quantum ferrata distet ab arca  
sacculus. e caelo descendit γῶθι σεαυτόν  
figendum et memori tractandum pectore, siue  
coniugium quaeras uel sacri in parte senatus  
esse uelis; neque enim lorica poscit Achilles  
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;  
ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam

<sup>16</sup> ementur *P*: emuntur *φ*.

<sup>23</sup> sumptus *Heinrich*: sumit *mss*



## SATIRE 11

If Atticus dines luxuriously, he is considered posh: if Rutilus does so he is considered mad. For what is heard about with greater laughter among the mob than an Apicius with no money? Every party, every bath-house, every arcade and every theatre talks (5) about Rutilus. For while his strong and youthful limbs are up to the standard of the soldier's helmet and are ablaze with blood, it is said that he – without being compelled or refused by the tribune – is going to sign up to the rules and the royal terms of the gladiator-trainer. You see many men like him; they have often given a creditor the slip but he usually waits at the very entrance of the market (10) for these men, whose reason for living lies solely in their palate.

The most wretched of these, the one who is quickly going to fall as the ruins of his life are already letting the light in – he dines more finely and better than the rest. In the meantime they go looking for exotic tastes through all the elements, and the prices are never an obstacle to their passion. If you enquire (15) more closely, those things which will cost him more money are actually more pleasing to him. It is not in fact hard to raise a sum which will soon run out by pawning the dishes or smashing up the bust of mother, nor is it hard to add flavour to the tasty earthenware dish with an outlay of 400 in cash. That is how they come to the stew of the gladiator-school.(20)

Much depends, then, on who is buying these same dishes: if it is Rutilus, it is extravagance, but in the case of Ventidius his free-spending earns him a praiseworthy reputation and celebrity from his wealth. I would quite rightly despise the man who knows by how much Atlas is higher than all the mountains in Libya, but who also (25) has no idea how different a purse is from a strong-box sealed with iron.

‘Know yourself’ comes down from heaven and should be stuck and worked on in a heart which does not forget it – whether it is marriage you are seeking or whether you would like to have a place in the sacred senate. Thersites does not demand Achilles’ breastplate (30) – the one in which Ulysses showed himself up. If you aspire to defend a dubious case of

protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,  
 orator uehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.  
 noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus 35  
 in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,  
 ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum  
 in oculis. quis enim te deficiente crumina  
 et crescente gula manet exitus, aere paterno  
 ac rebus mersis in uentrem fenoris atque 40  
 argenti grauis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?  
 talibus a dominis post cuncta nouissimus exit  
 anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.  
 non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum  
 luxuriae sed morte magis metuenda senectus. 45  
 hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae  
 et coram dominis consumitur; inde, ubi paulum  
 nescio quid superest et pallet fenoris auctor,  
 qui uertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.  
 cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam 50  
 Esquilias a feruenti migrare Subura.  
 ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa  
 maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno.  
 sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur  
 pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem. 55  
 experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,  
 Persice, non praestem tibi uita et moribus et re,  
 si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes  
 coram aliis dictem puero sed in aure placentas.  
 nam cum sis conuiuia mihi promissus, habebis 60  
 Euandrum, uenies Tirynthius aut minor illo  
 hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum  
 alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.  
 fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.  
 de Tibertino ueniet pinguissimus agro 65  
 haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae  
 necdum ausus uirgas humilis mordere salicti,

<sup>48-49</sup> et pallet ... solum *deleuit* Nisbet

<sup>57</sup> tibi uita *Nisbet*: uita *mss.*

<sup>63</sup> *deleuit* Heinrich

massive importance, ask yourself and tell yourself who you are – a powerful orator or else a bigmouth like Curtius and Matho. You should get to know the measure of yourself and keep it in view in matters (35) great and small, even in the matter of buying fish. Don't long for mullet if you only have goby in your moneybox. For what fate awaits you as your wallet shrinks but your gullet grows, with your father's money and property sunk into your belly – a belly which (40) can hold investments, heavy silver, herds, estates?

The last thing to leave masters like this, after everything else, is the little ring. Pollio goes begging with his finger bare. It is not early death or bitter fate which the big-spenders should fear: old age is more to be dreaded than death. (45) These are usually the stages: money is borrowed in Rome and then spent right in front of the lenders; then, when just a small amount is left over, and the giver of the cash is pale with fear, they disappear into exile and run off to Baiae and its oysters. Going bankrupt is now no worse than (50) moving house from the boiling Subura to the Esquiline Hill. The only suffering for those who run from their fatherland, their one grief, is to miss the circus games for one year. Not a drop of blood stays in their faces; people just laugh at modesty, and few of them ask her to stay as she runs out of the city.(55)

You will find out today whether or not I put into practice, Persicus, these lovely sentiments, in my way of life and behaviour; if I praise beans while being a closet glutton, if I call on the slave for porridge when others are present but whisper 'pastries' in his ear. For since you are booked to come as my guest, you will have (60) me as your Evander, you will come as the hero of Tiryns or that guest who was smaller than him, though he too touches the heavens with his bloodline, one with water, the other sent to the stars with fire.

Now hear the dishes, undecorated by any market-produce. From the Tiburtine estate will (65) come a little kid, the fattest there is and softer than all the rest of the herd; he has no knowledge of grass and has not yet dared to chew the twigs of the low-growing willow; he has more milk than blood

qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis, et montani  
 asparagi, posito quos legit ulica fuso.  
 grandia praeterea tortoque calentia feno 70  
 oua adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et seruatae  
 parte anni quales fuerant in uitibus uuae,  
 Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem  
 aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis  
 nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam 75  
 autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.  
 haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus  
 cena fuit. Curius paruo quae legerat horto  
 ipse focus breuibus ponebat holuscula, quae nunc  
 squalidus in magna fastidit conpede fossor, 80  
 qui meminit calidae sapiat quid uolua popinae.  
 sicci terga suis rara pendentia crate  
 moris erat quondam festis seruare diebus  
 et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum  
 accedente noua, si quam dabat hostia, carne. 85  
 cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque  
 castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore  
 functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat  
 erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.  
 cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem 90  
 et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique seueros  
 censoris mores etiam collega timeret,  
 nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum  
 qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,  
 clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum; 95  
 sed nudo latere et paruis frons aerea lectis  
 uite coronati caput ostendebat aselli,  
 ad quod lasciui ludebant ruris alumni.  
 [tales ergo cibi qualis domus atque supellex.]  
 tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes 100  
 urbibus euersis praedarum in parte reperta  
 magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,  
 ut phaleris gauderet ecus caelataque cassis

<sup>97</sup> uite *Hennin*: uile *mss*

<sup>99</sup> *del. Markland et Heinrich*

in him; with that goes mountain asparagus, which the manager's wife has picked when she has put down her spinning-shuttle. What is more, there are large eggs – warm in the curls of hay (70) – along with their mothers, and also grapes preserved for six months just as they had been on the vines; pears from Signium and Syria; and, coming from the same baskets, apples a match for those from Picenum, apples smelling fresh and no cause for apprehension for you, after the autumn has been dried out of them by the cold (75) and they have set aside the risks that go with unripe juice. Once upon a time this would have already been an extravagant dinner for our senate. Curius used to place the vegetables, which he had picked from his tiny smallholding, on his modest hearth himself – but these days a dirty ditch-digger in his massive leg-chain spurns them (80), remembering the flavour of tripe from the hot cookhouse. At one time it was the custom to keep a chine of dried pork hanging from the wide-barred frame and serve it up at festivals; to put out birthday bacon before one's relatives with some fresh meat added if a sacrificial victim offered any (85). One of your relatives – having held the title of consul three times and commanded army-camps and enjoyed the status of dictator – would come to this feast earlier than usual, bringing his spade held upright from the mountain he had subdued.

But in the days when they used to tremble at the Fabii and hard Cato (90) and the Scauri and Fabricius, and even his colleague feared the strict morals of the unbending censor, nobody numbered it among their concerns and thought it a serious matter what sort of tortoise swam in Ocean's flood to make a brilliant and noble headrest for those descended from the Trojans (95): the couches had bare sides, they were small, and their bronze front showed the head of a donkey garlanded with a vine and the frisky country children would play beside it. [Their food was like their house and furniture.] In those days the soldier was rough and did not know how to appreciate Greek art (100); when cities had been overturned he would smash any pots found in his share of the spoils, even if the pots were the work of great artists – to let his horse exult in its trappings and so that the engraved

Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae  
 imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos 105  
 ac nudam effigiem in clipeo uenientis et hasta  
 pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.  
 ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino:  
 argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis.  
 omnia tunc quibus inuideas, si liuidulus sis. 110  
 templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et uox  
 nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem  
 litore ab Oceani Gallis uenientibus et dis  
 officium uatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,  
 hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat 115  
 fictilis et nullo uiolatus Iuppiter auro.  
 illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas  
 tempora uiderunt; hos lignum stabat ad usus,  
 annosam si forte nucem deiecerat eurus.  
 at nunc diuitibus cenandi nulla uoluptas, 120  
 nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere uidentur  
 unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbis  
 grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu  
 dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes  
 et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus, 125  
 et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu  
 iam nimios capitique graues. hinc surgit orexis,  
 hinc stomacho uires; nam pes argenteus illis,  
 anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum  
 conuiuium caueo, qui me sibi comparat et res 130  
 despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis  
 est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac  
 materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum  
 ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam obsonia fiunt  
 rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur. 135  
 sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis  
 pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem  
 sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus  
 et Scythicae uolucres et phoenicopterus ingens

<sup>106</sup> in *addidit Valesius*. uenientis *P*: fulgentis  $\phi$ : minitantis *Rupert*: -que nitentis *Merry*

helmet might show images of Romulus' beast – a beast ordered to become tame by the destiny of empire – the twin Quirini under the crag (105), and the naked image of the god pouncing in shield and spear and hanging there – all images to show to a dying enemy. That is why they served their porridge in a Tuscan bowl: because whatever silver they had was gleaming only on their weapons. In those days you might envy all those things, if you were something of the jealous sort (110). The awesome quality of the temples was also more real, and a voice around the middle of the night was heard through the middle of the city when the Gauls were arriving from the shore of Ocean, with the gods playing the role of prophet. This is how Jupiter warned us, this is the concern he used to display for the affairs of Latium (115) when he was made of baked clay and not spoiled with any gold.

Those times saw tables grown at home and made from our own trees. The timber used to be kept standing by for these purposes, if perhaps the East wind had blown down an ancient nut tree. But now there is no pleasure in dining for the rich folk (120); the turbot, the venison have no flavour, the fragrances and the roses seem to be rotten – unless the broad circular tabletop is held up by a massive piece of ivory and a lofty leopard with gaping maw made from tusks which are sent from the gate of Syene and the quick Moors and the Indian (who is darker than the Moor) (125), along with those which the beast has dropped in the Nabataean grove as being too big and heavy for its head. The appetite rises up from this, the power in the stomach from here; for to them a silver table-leg is as bad as the iron ring on the finger. This is why I shun the arrogant dinner-guest who compares me to himself and (130) looks down on my meagre means. I don't have a single ounce of ivory, nor dice nor a counter made from this stuff. Why, even the handles of my knives are made of bone. But this does not make the meals ever turn rotten, and the chicken is carved none the worse for that (135). Nor will I have a carver to whom the entire school has to defer, a pupil of the expert Mr Softy, in whose school – along with massive sow's udder – hare and boar and gazelle and Scythian fowls and the enormous flamingo and

et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro 140  
 caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura.  
 nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrae  
 nouit auis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni  
 tempore et exiguae furtis inbutus ofellae.  
 plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos 145  
 porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus,  
 non Phryx aut Lycius non a mangone petitus  
 quisquam erit et magno: cum posces, posce Latine.  
 idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli  
 atque hodie tantum propter conuiuia pexi. 150  
 pastoris duri hic filius, ille bubulci.  
 suspirat longo non uisam tempore matrem  
 et casulam et notos tristes desiderat haedos  
 ingenui uoltus puer ingenuique pudoris,  
 qualis esse decet quos ardens purpura uestit, 155  
 nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus  
 testiculos, nec uellendas iam praebuit alas,  
 crassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina guto.  
 hic tibi uina dabit diffusa in montibus illis  
 a quibus ipse uenit, quorum sub uertice lusit. 160  
 [namque una atque eadem est uini patria atque ministri.]  
 forsitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro  
 incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae  
 ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae,  
 (spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito 165  
 quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis.)  
 inritamentum ueneris languentis et acres  
 diuitis urticae [maior tamen ista uoluptas  
 alterius sexus]; magis ille extenditur, et mox  
 auribus atque oculis concepta urina mouetur. 170  
 non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille  
 testarum crepitus cum uerbis, nudum olido stans

<sup>144</sup> furtis *Φ*: frustis *P*

<sup>148</sup> et *Φ*: in *P*

<sup>161</sup> *deleuit* Markland

<sup>168-69</sup> maior – sexus *del.* Jachmann

<sup>168</sup> diuitis *mss*: ramitis Housman



the Gaetulian antelope – really fine foods – are all cut up with a blunt blade (140) and the dinner made of elmwood makes a racket all over the Subura.

Our lad has not learned how to take a scrap of roebuck or a side of guinea fowl; he is a new recruit unskilled on all occasions and only trained in stealing little meatballs. Low-class cups bought for a few pence (145) – these the slave hands round, a boy plainly dressed but wrapped up safe from the cold, not a Phrygian nor Lycian, not acquired from the slave-dealer, whoever he will be, and at great cost. When you ask for something, ask for it in Latin. They all have the same outfit, their hair short and straight, only combed today for the dinner-party (150). This one is the son of a hardy shepherd, that one the son of a cowherd. He sighs for his mother whom he has not seen for a long time and longs sadly for his little cottage and the kids he knows, a boy of honest expression and of freeborn modesty, the sort of character which those clothed in blazing purple ought to have (155). He does not carry his teenage testicles into the baths, his voice unbroken, nor has he yet shown his armpits to be plucked, nor does he fearfully shield his thick cock by holding a wine-flask in front of it. This boy will give you wines bottled in the very same mountains from which he comes, and under whose peak he played (160) [for one and the same is the fatherland of the wine and the servant.]

Perhaps you will be looking out for musical items from Cadiz to start arousing you with a singing dance-troupe, girls welcomed with applause lowering themselves to the floor with quivering buttocks. (Young wives watch this with husband reclining next to them (165) – a thing which is embarrassing for someone even to talk about in their presence.)

This is a thing to excite drooping lust, this is the rich man's sharp nettles; [that pleasure is greater when enjoyed by the other sex:] it is tensed up more and then the juice, brought into being by the sights and sounds, gets moving (170). The lowly house does not contain trivia like this. Let that man listen to the noise of castanets with words which a naked slave standing in a stinking

fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur  
 uocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte,  
 qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem; 175  
 namque ibi fortunae ueniam damus. alea turpis,  
 turpe et adulterium mediocribus: haec eadem illi  
 omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique uocantur.  
 nostra dabunt alios hodie conuiuia ludos:  
 conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis 180  
 altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.  
 quid refert, tales uersus qua uoce legantur?  
 sed nunc dilatis auerte negotia curis  
 et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit  
 per totum cessare diem. non fenoris ulla 185  
 mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reuer-  
 nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor  
 umida suspectis referens multicia rugis  
 uexatasque comas et uoltum auremque calentem.  
 protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen, 190  
 pone domum et seruos et quidquid frangitur illis  
 aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis.  
 interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae  
 Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho  
 praeda caballorum praetor sedet ac, mihi pace 195  
 immensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,  
 totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem  
 percutit, euentum uiridis quo colligo panni.  
 nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque uideres  
 hanc urbem ueluti Cannarum in puluere uictis 200  
 consulibus. spectent iuuenes, quos clamor et audax  
 sponsio, quos cultae decet adsedisae puellae:  
 nostra bibat uernum contracta cuticula solem  
 effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salua  
 fronte licet uadas, quamquam solida hora supersit 205  
 ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus  
 continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia uitae  
 magna: uoluptates commendat rarior usus.

brothel would abstain from, let him enjoy filthy language and every form of the art of lust – that man who wets his Spartan marble flooring with wine spat out (175): for we make allowances for the rich. Gambling is a disgrace, adultery is a disgrace – for the poor, but when those men do all these same things, they are called ‘cheerful’ and ‘radiant’. Our dinner today will give you different entertainments: the author of the *Iliad* will be sung and the poems of lofty (180) Virgil which make Homer’s victory palm uncertain. What difference does it make, with what sort of voice poetry of this quality is read out?

But now put aside your cares and turn your work to one side and give yourself some welcome peace, since you will be allowed to rest for a whole day. Let there be no talk of interest (185) due nor let your wife, if she has gone out at dawn and tends to come back after dark, sharpen your bile without your saying anything about it, bringing her sexy clothes back damp with suspicious creases in them, her hair in a mess and her face and ears burning.

Anything which hurts you – strip it off right outside my doorway (190). Set aside your house, the slaves and whatever is broken by them or goes missing, and above all set aside ungrateful friends. Meanwhile the spectators of the games are celebrating the Idaean ritual of the Megalesian flag, and the praetor sits there looking like a man celebrating a triumph – the prey of the nags. Besides, if I may (195) so speak of the countless and excessive crowd without offence, the circus is holding the whole of Rome today, and the noise batters my ears. From this I gather that the Green tunic has had a good result. If it were a defeat, you would see this city sad and thunderstruck just as when the consuls were conquered in the dust of Cannae (200). Let the young men watch the games – men who are suited to the shouting and the reckless betting, men who are right to sit beside a chic girl; as for us, let our wrinkled skin drink in the spring sunshine and run a mile from the toga. Now you can with a clear conscience walk into the baths even though there is a solid hour yet (205) before noon. You could not do this five days running, since even a life like this can be mighty boring. Doing something less often makes the pleasure more intense.

## SATIRE 12

natali, Coruine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,  
qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes  
expectat. niueam reginae ducimus agnam,  
par uellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura;  
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem 5  
Tarpeio seruata Ioui frontemque coruscat,  
quippe ferox uitulus templis maturus et arae  
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris  
ducere, qui uexat nascenti robora cornu.  
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset, 10  
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa  
mole piger, nec finitima nutritus in herba,  
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis  
et grandi ceruix iret ferienda ministro  
ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi 15  
nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.  
nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus  
euasit. densae caelum abscondere tenebrae  
nube una subitusque antemnas inpulit ignis.  
cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox 20  
attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret  
naufragium uelis ardentibus. omnia fiunt  
talìa, tam grauiter, si quando poetica surgit  
tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis audi  
et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis 25  
eiusdem pars dira quidem sed cognita multis  
et quam uotiuā testantur fana tabella  
plurima: pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?  
accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.  
cum plenus fluctu medius foret alueus et iam, 30  
alternum puppis latus euertentibus undis,  
arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani  
rectoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu

<sup>14</sup> et grandi cervix iret *Housman*: iret et grandi cervix *PA*

<sup>32</sup> incertae *PO*: incerta *F*

## SATIRE 12

Sweeter to me than my own birthday, Corvinus, is this day, on which the holiday turf is awaiting the animals promised to the gods. For the queen (of the gods) we are bringing a snowy lamb, and a fleece every bit as good will be given to the god who does battle armed with the Moorish Gorgon; (5) but the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jupiter is lustily shaking the rope which is stretched out afar, and it tosses its head, as it is a feisty calf old enough for temples and the altar and now fit to be sprinkled with wine; it is now embarrassed to tug at its mother's udders, it hits out at the oak trees with its growing horns. If the wealth in my home were lavish and equal to my feelings, (10) then a bull fatter than Hispulla would be dragged along, lazy because of its very size, not fed on grass from round here but whose blood shows evidence of the rich pastures of Clitumnus; and its neck would advance to face a hit from the large assistant all for the sake of the return of my friend who is still trembling after suffering dreadful things recently (15) and who is amazed that he is safe and sound.

For along with the dangers of the sea he also dodged the lightning strikes. Thick darkness blotted out the sky with a single cloud-mass and a sudden fire struck the yardarms. When every man thought he had been hit by it and then (20) thunderstruck decided that no shipwreck could be as bad as having your sails burning – then everything happens like this, so calamitously, whenever a poetic storm rises up – then (look!) a new type of dilemma comes along. Listen and pity him again, although the rest of the tale (25) is just part of the same destiny; dreadful, no doubt, but well-known to many people and the kind of event which huge numbers of shrines bear witness to with their votive tablets. Who does not know that artists are fed by Isis? A calamity like this also befell our Catullus.

When the belly of the ship was filled to the middle with water and (30) the waves were by this point overturning now one, now the other side of the ship with its tottering mast, and the hoary-headed helmsman's skill provided no help to it, then he started to make a deal with the winds, by throwing

coepit cum uentis, imitatus castora, qui se  
 eunuchum ipse facit cupiens euadere damno 35  
 testiculi: adeo medicatum intellegit inguen.  
 ‘fundite quae mea sunt’ dicebat ‘cuncta’ Catullus  
 praecipitare uolens etiam pulcherrima, uestem  
 purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,  
 atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum 40  
 infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons  
 uiribus occultis et Baeticus adiuvat aer.  
 ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances  
 Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem  
 et dignum sitiante Pholo uel coniuge Fusci; 45  
 adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum  
 caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.  
 sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte quis audet  
 argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?  
 [non propter uitam faciunt patrimonia quidam, 50  
 sed uitio caeci propter patrimonia uiuunt.]  
 iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec  
 damna leuant. tunc aduersis urgumentibus illuc  
 reccidit ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se  
 explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando 55  
 praesidia adferimus nauem factura minorem.  
 i nunc et uentis animam committe dolato  
 confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus  
 quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae;  
 mox cum reticulis et pane et uentre lagonae 60  
 accipe sumendas in tempestate secures.  
 sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam  
 prospera uectoris fatumque ualentius euro  
 et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna  
 pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi 65  
 lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura  
 uentus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit  
 uestibus extentis et, quod superauerat unum,  
 uelo prora suo. iam deficientibus austris

<sup>50-51</sup> *deleuit Bentley*

<sup>62</sup> iacuit  $\Phi$ : tacuit *PSA*

away (his goods), imitating the beaver which makes itself a eunuch in its desire to get away by losing (35) a testicle: it realises that its groin is so packed with drugs. 'Pour away my property,' Catullus said, 'all of it', being prepared to throw away even the most beautiful things: purple clothing fit even for louche Maecenases and other cloths from actual flocks (40) which the nature of the noble grass has coloured, helped by the special spring with its hidden powers as well as the weather of Baetica.

He did not hesitate to get rid of silver, dishes made for Parthenius, a mixing-bowl that held three gallons, fit for a thirsty Pholus or even for Fuscus' wife; (45) add in the baskets and a thousand platters, and a great deal of engraved silver from which the canny buyer of Olynthus had drunk. But then who else, in what part of the world, has the guts to put his life before his money, his safety before his property? [Some folk do not earn fortunes for the sake of living their lives (50) but, blinded by their faults, they live for the sake of their fortunes.]

The majority of the useful stuff is thrown overboard, but even so the losses do not relieve the situation: with calamity putting him under pressure like this he fell back on lowering the mast with a blade, and in this way he unties himself from his narrow strait. The furthest point of danger is reached when we (55) apply strengthening measures which are going to make the ship smaller. Go now and entrust your life to the winds, putting your trust in a smooth plank, saved from death by four fingers of pine or seven if the wood is at its thickest. Next time, remember that along with the bread in nets and the wide-bellied flagon, (60) you should get hold of axes that you will need to pick up in the event of a storm. But after the sea lay flat, after the traveller's weather-conditions turned out favourable and his destiny was more powerful than the wind and the ocean; once the Fates cheerfully produce better threads with a kindly hand, making wool from white thread, (65) and a wind not much stronger than a modest breeze appears, then the ship's prow ran on, wretched, with skill impoverished, with clothes stretched out along with the one sail which had survived. The South winds

spes uitae cum sole redit. tum gratus Iulo 70  
 atque nouercali sedes praelata Lauino  
 conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen  
 scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen  
 et numquam uisis triginta clara mamillis.  
 tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles 75  
 Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque bracchia rursum  
 quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt  
 Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus  
 quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister  
 interiora petit Baianae peruia cumbae 80  
 tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi uertice raso  
 garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.  
 ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque fauentes  
 sartaque delubris et farra inponite cultris  
 ac mollis ornate focos glebamque uirentem. 85  
 iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto  
 inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parua coronas  
 accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.  
 hic nostrum placabo Iouem Laribusque paternis  
 tura dabo atque omnis uiolae iactabo colores. 90  
 cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos  
 et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.  
 neu suspecta tibi sint haec, Coruine, Catullus,  
 pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, paruos  
 tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram 95  
 et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico  
 tam sterili; uerum haec nimia est inpena, coturnix  
 nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem  
 si coepit locuples Gallitta et Pacius orbi,  
 legitime fixis uestitur tota libellis 100  
 porticus, existunt qui promittant hecatomben,  
 quatenus hic non sunt nec uenales elephantī,  
 nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis  
 belua concipitur, sed furua gente petita

<sup>73</sup> mirabile *Φ*: miserabile *PSA*

<sup>78</sup> igitur *mss*: similis *Housman*



were by now subsiding and hope of life returned along with the sun. Then the lofty (70) peak which Iulus loved, the abode which he preferred to his stepmother's Lavinium, is spotted, the place to which the white sow gave its name, whose dugs were astonishing to the happy Phrygians, a sow famous for her thirty teats – a number which were a sight never seen before. Finally it comes inside the breakwaters placed along the waters they contain, (75) the Etruscan lighthouse and the arms stretched back out which meet in the middle of the sea and leave Italy far behind; you will not be as impressed by the harbours which nature has given us. The captain with his stunted poop heads for the inner port, which a skiff from Baiae could reach, (80) the still waters of the safe gulf. Here the sailors with shaved head, free now from danger, are glad to tell the tale of their long-winded perils.

So go now, slaves, with respectful tongues and minds, put garlands on the shrines and grain on your knives, and deck out the soft hearths and the green turf. (85) I will follow presently and, once the most important sacred ritual has been carried out, I will then make my way home, where the small statues, gleaming with the crumbling wax, are getting their slender crowns. Here I will appease our own Jupiter and I will offer incense to the house-gods of our ancestors and I will spread all the colours of the pansy. (90) Everything is shining, the door has put up its extended branches and with its morning lamps it takes its own part in the festival rites.

To ensure that you do not see these things as suspect, Corvinus, the Catullus for whose return I am setting up so many altars, has got three small heirs. I would be happy to wait and see who would (95) pay for a sick chicken, closing its eyes, for the sake of so unfruitful a friend; in fact a chicken would mean spending too much, as not even a quail will ever fall as a victim for one who has children. If the wealthy, childless Gallitta and Pacius begin to feel feverish, then the whole colonnade is clothed with vows stuck up there in the legal manner, (100) and people come forward who are likely to promise to sacrifice a hundred oxen, since there are no elephants here not even for money; neither in Latium or anywhere else under our part of the sky is such a beast bred, but it is sourced in the dusky race and grazes

arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro, 105  
 Caesaris armentum nulli servire paratum  
 priuato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant  
 Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso  
 horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortis,  
 partem aliquam belli, et euntem in proelia turrem. 110  
 nulla igitur mora per Nouium, mora nulla per Histrum  
 Pacuium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras  
 et cadat ante Lares Gallitiae uictima sola  
 tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.  
 alter enim, si concedas, mactare uouebit 115  
 de grege seruorum magna et pulcherrima quaeque  
 corpora, uel pueris et frontibus ancillarum  
 inponet uittas et, si qua est nubilis illi  
 Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi  
 non sperat tragicae furtiua piacula ceruae. 120  
 laudo meum ciuem, nec comparo testamento  
 mille rates; nam si Libitinam euaserit aeger,  
 delebit tabulas inclusus carcere nassae  
 post meritum sane mirandum atque omnia soli  
 forsan Pacuio breuiter dabit, ille superbus 125  
 incedet uictis riualibus. ergo uides quam  
 grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.  
 uiuat Pacuius quaeso uel Nestora totum,  
 possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum  
 exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo.

on Rutulian trees and the lands of Turnus. (105) The herd belongs to Caesar and is prepared to be a slave for no private citizen, since their ancestors used to obey the Tyrian Hannibal and our leaders and the Molossian king; they used to carry cohorts on their back, a serious part of the war, a tower marching into battle. (110) There would be no delay on the part of Novius, no delay on the part of Pacuvius Hister, to prevent that ivory being led to the altars and dropping before the house gods of Gallitta, the only beast-victim worthy of such mighty gods and their legacy-hunters.

If you were agreeable to this, Pacuvius will vow to sacrifice (115) from the herd of his slaves the big ones, the most handsome bodies, or he will put chaplets on the foreheads of the boys and the maids and – if he has any sort of marriageable Iphigenia at home, he will give her to the altars, even though he does not hope for the furtive atonement of the tragic deer. (120) I applaud my fellow-citizen, and cannot compare a thousand ships to a legacy. For if the sick man dodges Libitina he will destroy his old will, trapped in the prison of the snare after seeing such truly amazing kindness and he will possibly give it all to Pacuvius alone with a quick stroke of the pen. That man will then (125) strut about proud with his rivals vanquished. So you see how cutting the throat of the Mycenean girl pays off massively. Long live Pacuvius, I pray he live for a whole Nestorian lifespan. May he possess as much as Nero stole, may his gold be heaped as high as mountains, but may he love nobody nor be loved by anyone in return.